

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth st.—FRIDAY.

WOODS' MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Broadway, corner Third and St. Marks. Daily. Performance every evening.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—THE DRAMA OF THE EMERALD KING.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—THE DUEL IN THE MIST—GYNASTIC FEATS—FAMILY JARS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th av.—THE LADY OF LYONS.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—LOST AT SEA.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of Eighth avenue and 25th st.—THE TWELVE THROMPTONS.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—NEW VERSION OF HANLEY.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PAKK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—FRIDAY.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—THE PAPER ROSE—ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 Bowery.—COMIC VOCALISM, NEGRO MINSTRELS, &c.

THEATRE OMNIQUE, 314 Broadway.—COMIC VOCALISM, NEGRO ACTS, &c.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Tammany Building, 14th st.—BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, 255 Broadway.—STREET FAN MINSTRELS, NEGRO ACTS, &c.—15 THROMPTONS.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 Broadway.—ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS, NEGRO ACTS, &c.

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES, &c.

APOLLO HALL, corner 25th street and Broadway.—THE NEW HIGGINS.

MOORE'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—MOORE'S MINSTRELS.—THE 4-THROMPTON.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Thursday, March 24, 1870.

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EPIGRAPH ON THE NEW CHARTER.

If so soon I was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

A CRIMINAL CON.—To what Russian settlement should the turbulent democratic leaders at Albany be banished?—Wrangle!

REFRAIN FOR THE JACKKNIFE DEMOCRACY—
(Altered from Watts, his hymn):—
And there'll be no more charters there,
And there'll be no more charters there,
In the lobby above,
Where all the love,
There'll be no more charters there.

WESTERN IMMIGRATION.—The Fort Scott (Kansas) Monitor estimates that immigrants at the rate of a thousand a day will find their way to Kansas during the next three months. But will they stay there or proceed where the "metal is more attractive"—to the gold and silver regions in the Rocky Mountains?

POOR TOM'S A-COLD.—Shakespeare must have had in his mind's eye the recent massacre at Albany when he penned the above words. Poor Tom, the "silk stockings" and "rough and ready" of our democratic friends have got such a chill that not all the whiskey "straight" in Manhattan can ever warm them again.

SPECIMENS OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE INTERIOR NEW YORK PAPERS.—Shortly to be forthcoming:—

WANTED.—A farm under good cultivation, with commodious dwelling and suitable outbuildings, within a short distance of churches, schools and post office. No railroad conveniences desirable at present. Price not to exceed five thousand dollars. C. O. D. Address "Bunkum," House of Representatives, Albany, N. Y.

CHESTERFIELD IN ALBANY.—After the terrible coup d'etat which annihilated the "silk stocking" and "rough and ready" democracy the following explanation of his course was given by one of the famous twenty. It is worthy of Chesterfield or Dr. Johnson:—"I ain't no party. I was a strict democrat all my lifetime, and I is to-morrow." Think of those sublime words being handed down in history!

The Albany Coup d'Etat.

It has been our habit to call the accomplished City Chamberlain Peter Bismarck Sweeney. We never particularly intended to compliment the great German master of statecraft by this, but rather to hint to the manipulators of city politics that they had among them a man as perceptive and acute in their realm of fact and thought as the great organizer of Germany was in his. Now, however, we are satisfied that we did Peter rather less than justice in giving him a name that seems to restrict his intellectual scope, and certainly leaves out of view all the astounding effect that a man produces when he works in ways hidden from the sight of common observers, and handles and combines elements that were thought to be out of his reach. Bismarck is the type of one kind of great ability. He conducts with sheer mental force a game at which all the world is present, and the world admires his skill; but we look on with something quite different from mere admiration of skill when one who is popularly regarded as dead suddenly proves that he is the only man present who is really and thoroughly alive; when one who is beaten at all points proves the victor at all points; in short, when one who is given up as a man only fit to "go to Europe" is found to be the only man able to stay at home. This is the quality of Peter's genius, and in this he bears a great deal closer resemblance to another distinguished Dutchman than to Bismarck. His more accurate antetype is Mephistopheles. That German imagination of power that accomplishes unlooked for and astounding results by some occult application of the most familiar means, and inspires as much awe as admiration in impressing its irresistible character, is simply a fore-vision of the victor in the great Albany struggle.

For only look at it: Faust on the Brocken wanted to be in the streets of the far away city. Nothing could be more ridiculously impossible than for mere human genius to suddenly realize this wish. Yet Mephistopheles had a little game for the occasion. He twisted one of the fingers of his right hand, by the contraction of what the London doctors call "the guinea muscle," and they were there. The gnarled old tree near by became a pump, the straight young oaks polished themselves into the pillars of splendid edifices and the carpet of dead leaves was a pavement of stone. Quite as remarkable was the transformation at Albany. Democracy was in the woods. Peter B. was nowhere. He was "gone to Europe." Tammany was dead. All its pet measures of reform and change were scattered to the four winds, or, if there are any more winds, scattered to the whole of them. The ancient and respectable name of Tammany was spoken only with contempt. It was firmly believed, so far as men saw, that every other municipal democracy, except the young democracy, and its shadow in silk stockings, had perished from the face of the earth. Even the last man was not left to mourn it; for if there was any last man he was ashamed or afraid to admit that he had ever adhered to it, and so hurried for the young democracy, silk stocking Sammy, little Moses and war to the jackknife! The young democracy also hurried for itself. Sammy hurried! Moses hurried! and the jackknife was brandished till its greasy blade glittered in the sun like the helm of Achilles! Thus it was but now—and how is it? "Ere one can say it lightens" it is all the other way. The young democracy is swept out of sight, and Tammany grimly and calmly surveys the ruin of the engineers "hoist by their own petard." Their grand schemes of law, framed to show their power, show only their impotence, their ridiculous ineptness to handle such machinery, and damage only themselves—

As guns that aimed at duck or plover,
Kick back and knock the owner over.

All this is in the method of Mephistopheles—just done by the wave of his hand—the kink of his little finger—the contraction, perhaps, of the "guinea muscle."

It is also the same here as with Mephistopheles, in the fact that he always accomplished unlooked for results by the use of familiar agents. "Country democrats" are certainly familiar enough agents in such contrivances, and it was a happy idea that suggested their use. We see, for instance, that it has a mysterious effect. People are wondering how this can be a victory for Mephistopheles, when all the city democrats voted together for the Charter and associate bills. Not only the men of the young democracy voted for their measures, but all the other city democrats voted with them—even those who are called "the creatures of the ring." This makes it look as if there was no democracy but the young democracy and its silk stocking shadow—as if they swept the metropolis. Why, then, should Mephistopheles let go the city democrats, that it is supposed he could control, to settle the case with the rural infantry? Perhaps it was economy. Country democrats may be the cheapest article in the market. Your city democrat knows his price and has a speculative spirit. Your countryman is a straight trader on fair terms—fresh as cream and smooth as butter. Thus if a man has to buy somebody there is good reason in favor of making his purchases in the country. Another good point in the game of our Mephistopheles is that when the blow comes from the country there is more moral force in it. It looks as if the rural mind in its innocence regarding these city shapers of politics with healthy detestation determined to put them down once for all. No such idea would be conveyed by a blow delivered by democrats sold in the political strife of this city.

In fact, we consider this moral effect a crowning grace in the event at Albany. The blow came from so clear a sky, it caught the rejoicing fellows in such a hey-day of triumph, with the spoils actually divided in anticipation, that it looked more like a result of moral force than anything we have had lately in State politics. We do not positively give up the notion that the countrymen were inspired in part by an honest detestation of the ways of our city shapers. That may have had a share in the result, but we should have more faith in that thought if the countrymen oftener showed their horror of our vices. Although the countrymen may in this instance have had a keen perception of the necessity of an honest example, it is still probable that their eyes were opened to it. If a hundred thousand dollars

were spent it might open the eyes of a great many men in the country. Suppose there were twenty men, it would make five thousand apiece. Solon Shingle said that "fifty dollars was a good deal of money," but what would he say to five thousand? That is a large sum in a country where farms are cheap, but it is a small price with which to secure the plunder of this city, and a still smaller one by which to inspire with awe the political mass that fears nothing but to be upon the losing side.

A SENATOR SOWING HIS WILD OATS.—The editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) Standard acknowledges the receipt of a sample of foreign white oats from Senator Abbott, of his State. It was long since thought the honorable gentleman had sown his native wild oats when he was Adjutant General of the State of New Hampshire, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Between oats and peanuts the noble Senator is likely to become a distinguished statesman in the "Old Tar State."

The Situation in France—The Tours Trial and the Emperor's Reforms.

"Save me from my friends." It is an old but still pithy exclamation. It has often been used. It will, unless mankind changes greatly for the better, often be used in the times that are to come. No man had ever juster cause to use it than the Emperor of the French. At a critical time in his own history, in the history of France, in the history of European thought and action, in the history of the world, in fact, a relative and over-zealous defender of his family has created for him serious trouble. Of all the enemies which have risen up against the Third Napoleon Prince Pierre, whatever we may think or say of his motives, has been the greatest. Considering the condition of France, considering what the Emperor was doing and what he hoped to accomplish, well might he say when he heard of the Victor Noir tragedy, "save me from my friends." In saying this we do not pronounce our opinion on the principal charge, which is now under the consideration of a court better qualified to judge than we are. We only say that excess of zeal or want of wisdom, while it has brought the Prince himself into a painful position, has mightily annoyed the Chief of the State and somewhat grievously disconcerted his plans.

It is gratifying to notice that, in spite of the excitement which the trial of his cousin has created, the Emperor goes on with his reforms. His letter to Prime Minister Ollivier is as opportune as it is happily conceived. We are not surprised to learn that by all parties—the "irrepressibles," of course, excepted—the letter is regarded as satisfactory and in the highest degree encouraging. What we have said again and again is thus proved to the world—the Emperor is honest in his great reform movement. There are many who will ask what any *Senatus Consultum*, establishing parliamentary government, has to do with the plebiscitum of 1852? Still it is a pretty thought, and if the Emperor can give back to the people all and much more than all they gave him eighteen years ago, and still remain the favorite and trusted ruler of France, he will have accomplished a task and achieved a victory which have few parallels in history. Such a result will indeed be the "crowning of the edifice."

The trial of the Prince so far as it has gone does not throw much light on the real question at issue. It will be seen from our telegraphic columns this morning that the evidence yesterday was very much like that of the preceding days. It is conflicting and contradictory. Interest centered chiefly in the examination of Henri Rochefort and the wife of Louis Noir, the sister-in-law of the deceased. Their evidence really was unimportant. Madame Louis Noir's evidence was to the effect that her brother-in-law could not have struck the Prince, because after death his gloves were found to be intact. Henri Rochefort's evidence was of no more value. It proved no more than that the Prince was in a bad temper when he wrote the letter which led to the mission of Noir and Fonvielle. The simple truth is there is no evidence. It was noteworthy yesterday that a feeling in favor of the Prince was manifestly growing. Rochefort did not fall into the mistake of Groussset. He was pale and calm, and gave his evidence clearly and quietly. When done he took a seat reserved for him among the journalists, and many of them warmly took him by the hand. The friends of Rochefort attempted a more decided demonstration of respect, but its expression was prevented by the police.

It is now clear to our mind that conviction is impossible. It may be desirable for the Prince to retire, for a time at least, from France. Sympathy with the Emperor will become stronger than ever when the trial is ended. The "reds" will be more and more despised as the disturbers of the public peace, as the enemies of genuine reform. Napoleon's fresh concessions will in all likelihood make him more the popular idol. The good work will go on, and France will draw the distinction between selfish and unreasoning demagogues and true patriots and reformers.

THE INDEPENDENTS.—Among the democratic independents who flew the track on those bills were men bearing the suggestive names of Barnes and Burns, and Droll (a droll fellow), and Haver and Krack, and Mooney and Murphy, and Sweet and Tighe; and so they tied up the silk stockings and the jackknives.

WANTED TO KNOW.—Whether the Bowling Green democracy can raise no more than seven thousand dollars to put up a patent job in Albany.

A NEW VERSION OF THE OLD SONG.—Will not some poet-politician enlarge upon the following version of the old nursery rhyme, in order that it may be sung for the entertainment of the hapless democratic youths?—
The "boys" are in the lobby,
Counting up their money;
And Sammy's off his boot,
With dirty taste of honey.

THE CHARTER FIGHT AT ALBANY.—Will not somebody be kind enough to suggest at this time the observation of Sir Lucius O'Trigger—"A very pretty quarrel as it stands."

ALSO—"GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINKLE"—The youthful democracy and their three legislative pots.

Annexation in the West Indies—The President and Congress.

It will be seen by our correspondence from St. Domingo and the news on the subject of the treaty of annexation, published in another part of the paper, that the wish to be annexed and under the protecting flag of the United States is almost universal among the people of the island. Wherever a vote had been taken on the question an overwhelming majority was in favor of that. General Grant, too, it is evident, earnestly desires the annexation of St. Domingo and the completion of the bargain the State Department made to that end. On Tuesday night the President, it is said, called Secretary Fish and Senators Carpenter, Patterson, Ferry, Ross, Sprague, Morrill, Pratt, Tipton, Gilbert, Cragin, Revels, Rice, Abbott, Howe and Harris to the White House to confer with him on the subject of the St. Domingo treaty. The same day he and a portion of the Cabinet, it is reported, were at the Capitol using their influence to get the treaty ratified. We know that he has been a good deal at the Capitol lately, and have no doubt that this was one of the objects that took him there. Nor is it merely because General Grant does not wish to see his foreign policy and the acts of his administration defeated that he is so anxious about the St. Domingo treaty; he has, we believe, a larger view of the matter than that. He regards the annexation of St. Domingo as an important step to the acquisition of Cuba. To use a military simile, he thinks this would be an excellent flank movement. He is pursuing the same tactics with regard to Cuba and the West Indies generally as he did when he sent General Sherman on that stupendous raid through Georgia and South Carolina as a co-operative and flank movement on Richmond. He believes that with St. Domingo in our possession Cuba could not long remain under Spanish rule, even if the present revolution in that island should fail, and that, in fact, it would have an important moral effect in favor of Cuban independence and annexation. In this matter, then, the President has a statesmanlike foresight, and is pursuing a comprehensive policy. Mr. Seward, when Secretary of State, had similar views. His expression that the islands of the West Indies were the buttresses of the American republic showed this, and his negotiation for the island of St. Thomas was a part of the same policy. General Grant, however, begins nearer home, and proposes to take territory that is more valuable in itself and more important in a strategical point of view.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, under the control, in a great measure, of Mr. Sumner, does not seem to comprehend the policy of the President or to have any sympathy with his views. Mr. Sumner is the "Old Man of the Sea," who has no idea of the destiny of this country, who is opposed to its natural progress, who stands in the way of our development southward, and whose mind is narrowed down to petty local things. The difficulty about both the St. Domingo treaty, and probably about the St. Thomas treaty also, as well as concerning the recognition of the Cuban revolution, lies chiefly with this narrow-minded Senator. How humiliating to think that the Senate of the United States should be controlled in such important matters touching the progress and interests of the Republic by this man. We hope Senator Sumner will show hereafter more sense, patriotism and independence. Mr. Sumner is a croaker, an obstacle and a dead weight in our noble ship of state, and the best thing his colleagues can do is to throw him overboard.

The time has come when this country is called upon to take a bold and comprehensive policy with regard to the whole of the West Indies and the Continent of America. Our depressed commerce can find there a vast field for development. The West Indies, particularly the most productive of them, as Cuba and St. Domingo, if they belonged to the United States, would do much to revive and increase our commerce, to enlarge our tonnage and employ our shipping and to add greatly to the variety of our products. We could become the first sugar and coffee producing country of the world, as we now are the first in cotton production, besides obtaining a great number of other products of the tropics. These possessions would give us, too, the naval and military command of the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico and all the channels of commerce to and through the West Indies and with Central and South America. Nothing is plainer than that these islands, in a political, strategical and commercial point of view, ought to belong to this mighty republic. We neglect our destiny and interests if we do not seize every opportunity to dispossess European Powers of the Antilles and to annex them to this country. Let us hope the Senate, and the House of Representatives as well, will sustain the President in his efforts to acquire St. Domingo and to make a flank movement upon Cuba. Now is the time to pursue a bold and comprehensive policy with regard to the West Indies and American interests generally in this hemisphere.

A FINANCIAL BALLAD.—Written on a green-back found in the Assembly Chamber:—

It was in the Legislature,
And the dollars, yea! by Heaven!
They were just a hundred thousand
And the votes were twenty-seven
Minus seven—mark the number!
Seven less than twenty-seven;
And for just a hundred thousand
We raised our hands to heaven.
Though a cool five thousand dollars
For a single vote is plenty,
Save each honest country voter,
In a gallant band of twenty;
Yet on the rolls of muster
Let us heartily thank Heaven
That to share the hundred thousand
There were less than twenty-seven.

A VALUABLE MAN FOR A YOUNG STATE.—One Illinois paper avers that General John A. Logan has not withdrawn as a candidate for the renomination for Representative at large from the State. And another journal states that he is a candidate for United States Senator in place of Dick Yates. Why not wipe out all other Representatives from the State, and make Logan dictator and autocrat for the whole people? He has the ability if not the modesty or, *vice versa*, to represent the entire State.

HEROD OUTDONE.—The massacre of the juvenile innocents at Albany and the onslaught made on the Assyrians by the destroying angel over night has been eclipsed. Ask Kiernan, who had to quote Scripture to explain the late *assuet* at Albany.

The following scrap of a "pome" has been sent to us as a waif picked up from the floor of the Assembly chamber at Albany on the adjournment of that body on Tuesday last. The Father Abraham referred to is Mayor Hall, no doubt, but the name was evidently used only because it served the purpose of the poet in adhering to the chorus of the old song. Read:—

THE IDES OF MARCH.
By A. CHERRY CUD.
How the jackknife boys were routed,
Though covered by "the ring,"
Ye "cheesepress-hayloft democrats!"
Now join with me to sing.
We have got a hundred thousand,
Which we must have had before,
And we are waiting, Father Abraham,
Two hundred thousand more.

Ye city roughs and nabobs,
Who taken on the spoils,
We of "the rural districts!"
Will settle up your broils.
Shut out, and damn the ticket—
Four—seven—forty-four—
We must have, Father Abraham,
Two hundred thousand more.

The Irish Pains and Penalties Bill.

Premier Gladstone's bill for the Enforcement of the Laws in Ireland has passed the British House of Commons. The adjourned debate was resumed and continued during a few hours on Tuesday. The House then divided, when there appeared four hundred and twenty-five votes for and thirteen against the act. As this measure really suspends the *habeas corpus*, or, as it has been said, "places Ireland in a state of siege," it is quite evident that the social, moral and political condition of the inhabitants of that island must be sadly demoralized and painfully out of joint. Four hundred and twenty-five members of Parliament have solemnly declared that Ireland is in a state of *quasi* insurrection, which requires for its present suppression, if not cure, that the people, good and bad, shall be placed equally at the mercy of dragoons and policemen, of spies and informers, of terrified jormen, of the judges, the jailors and the convict keepers. It is a sad, melancholy international revelation, coming after six hundred years of English government. Queen Elizabeth, after the defeat of her favorite Essex in Ireland, said that "the blood of the kern smelled badly" from his boots. Oliver Cromwell praised the Lord, who "delivered the inhabitants of Drogheda and Wexford to his sword." An English clerical intolant of the time of Elizabeth set forth in the pulpit that, when Beelzebub was permitted to tempt the Saviour by "showing unto Him the kingdoms of the earth, he did not show Him Ireland, for Satan had reserved that island to himself for his own special purposes to ye end of time." George the First had his penal laws. Lord Lyndhurst told the House of Lords that "the Irish are aliens in language, in creed and in blood." "Ninety-eight and 'Forty-eight were bad. The late Sir Robert Peel said he had a "cure" for Ireland; but his lamented, sudden death prevented him writing out the prescription. To-day Premier Gladstone has a "Pains and Penalties bill." And his Irish Secretary says they ship nothing but "malcontents" to America. Yet Ireland and England have had many pleasant, glorious recollections on the battle field and in the ballroom. Where does the neutralizing agency come from? Must we have recourse to science for the reply, and say that it arises from the unalterable law of the ethnological differences of race and peoples? It may be.

MOTHER GOOSE JUBILANT.—This genial old lady, passing round the corner of Beekman street and Park row yesterday, was heard chanting:—

Sing-song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—In the beginning of the troubles of the French in St. Domingo the mulattoes were the disturbing force. The French accordingly proceeded to treat with the mulattoes, but when they imagined that peace was within their grasp a new and powerful element, overlooked by the other parties, rose up in arms and threw the whole island into the direst confusion. This was the black element, and we know what followed. We have had something of this sort at Albany in the overlooking by the other parties concerned of the "hayloft and cheesepress democracy." It is the St. Domingo feud on a small scale over again.

WANTED AT ALBANY.—One or two of John Mitchell's "good, fat niggers," to sew up the breaches among the democratic leaders.

IN A NEW CHARACTER.—The dreadful Sweeney. His *role* was that of Bismarck—then he loomed up among the small fry as Peter the Great. Now he is said to be playing Mephistopheles—everywhere felt, but nowhere to be seen. They will believe next that, like the original gentleman in red, he can draw fire from a keg of lager.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.—The silk stockings of the Green Turtle Club and the model patriots of the young democracy, a month ago, were indignant at the assumptions and presumptions of "the ring" and eloquent on the rights and wrongs of the people. We knew it was all moonshine from the beginning; but where are they now?

PUTTY McLEAN.—The splendid Street Commissioner, who turns out at the American ball with half an acre of white waistcoat, is generally regarded as a "putty boy," but it is to be seen if he is not putty in another sense. He is, it is said, to "remove Tweed," or has removed him already from the Street Department. In this case McLean takes the shape suggested by the fingers of the young democracy. Under other pressure he will take quite another shape.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?—After the rapid demolition of the ginger-pop politicians a strange inquiry was instituted. Reeling under this sudden knock-down blow from an experienced fist, it is said that the ambitious juveniles went to bed and slept. Awakening in the morning a simultaneous cry was heard—"Where are we now?" The police were not called.

The Condition of the Navy.

The same difficulty exists in the English Parliament as in the American Congress regarding naval estimates, only in the former the question is in regard to building twenty thousand tons of naval ships annually, so as to bring the navy up to the required standard, while with us the question is, shall we have any navy at all? The subject is much more intelligently discussed in the British Parliament than in Congress; for in the former the Lords of the Admiralty are on the floor with their budgets, prepared at every point to defend their estimates, and they generally carry their points by convincing the House that the vessels proposed to be fitted out are necessary to secure British supremacy on the ocean. With us there is no one to explain the necessity of a navy, or, in fact, to show that it is of any use. The members of Congress who are appointed on the different committees—navy and appropriation—are, nine times out of ten, persons totally unacquainted with naval matters. Sometimes they are Western men, who, having, as they think, no interest in the maintenance of a navy, are unwilling to vote a dollar for the building of ships, and if they had their way would break up the service altogether.

Up to the present time the people of the United States have been made to believe that we had a navy equal to any emergency, and not until Secretary Robeson published his exhibit of the actual condition of our naval service did any of our people have an idea that the navy was so insignificant in size. On the 4th of March, 1869, when General Grant took the Presidential chair, there was not one ship that could be got to sea under five months. Mr. Secretary Welles, after spending four hundred and eighty millions of dollars, left the navy without one ship fit to send to sea, although, as appears from his reports, he did make an attempt to induce Congress to appropriate money to preserve those vessels that were laid up, the response to which appeal was to cut down the appropriations more than one-half. That was not a wise move on the part of a republican Congress, notwithstanding they had no confidence in Sinbad the Sailor; for the result was to positively cripple the incoming administration, which has had to work hard to place what little we have of a navy on its legs again.

The first rush made at President Grant by the agitators was for the immediate acknowledgment of Cuban independence, or, at least, for a recognition of belligerent rights on the part of the insurgents; and there may be a solution of his indisposition to take any steps in the matter in his discovery that we could get no ships to sea under five months. He found also that one entire fleet was so rotten that the ships had to be sold abroad for fear of risking the lives of the officers and men in sending them home; and the entire West India fleet had to return home in midsummer on account of the sickness of the crews and the unseaworthiness of the vessels. It has since been shown that every vessel of the navy had to undergo thorough repair for the want of that appropriation asked for by Mr. Welles previous to his retirement. If the "Old Man of the Sea" did sleep away seven years of his time in office, he awoke at last to the propriety of leaving his successor something wherewith to run the navy.

Without doubt the sympathies of President Grant were all with the Cubans; but he comprehended that we were in no position then to undertake a war with Spain, that had eighty-six naval ships in Cuban waters, mounting six hundred heavy guns, to oppose to our four small vessels and twenty-five guns. Desirable as was the recognition of the Cubans at that time both to the President and the American people, it would have brought with it a terrible humiliation. In one week our entire coast could have been threatened by nearly a hundred Spanish men-of-war, and our people would have been crying out for the navy when there was no navy to be had, and we should have been obliged to take the back track and hide our diminished heads. We all know the treacherous character of the Spaniards, and that they do not hesitate to attack unprotected towns and coasts, and the result of a war with Spain would have been anything but pleasant to contemplate. Had we possessed even an ordinary navy we could have long since demanded that the Cubans should be treated as human beings; and it is hoped that the time is not far distant when our legislators will awake to the fact that the reason why we do not interfere in the cause of humanity is because Congress will not give the means to enable us to do so.

The last Army and Navy Gazette of the United Kingdom declares that it was entirely unprepared for the exhibit of our navy, as set forth in the Secretary's annual report, and confesses to rise from its perusal with feelings not only of contentment, but of delighted satisfaction and rejoicing that our "navy, commerce and flag are rapidly disappearing from the ocean." This is the feeling that animates the hearts of all those opposed to republican institutions, and it would delight beyond measure the monarchies of Europe to hear of our humiliation. This will be our lot some of these days if Congress does not grant the supplies necessary to keep up a respectable navy. Thirty-five vessels are all that can be kept afloat, because Congress has even limited the number of men to eight thousand five hundred, which allows only short crews to some of our ships. Congress reduces the number of sailors in the navy to one-fourth that in the French navy and to one-eighth that in the English, while the crews of the Spanish vessels-of-war now in Cuban waters number thirteen thousand three hundred sailors and marines—four thousand eight hundred more than our whole navy.

The first duty a nation owes is protection to its citizens abroad, and its commerce has a right to the shelter of its country's flag. No wonder our citizens in Cuba have to fly to the protection of British ships when what little navy we do possess has to be scattered hither and yonder, looking after the different interests of the country, and are so few in number that they cannot perform their legitimate services. At the very time our citizens are crying out for protection and the Navy Department is using all its means to equip what vessels it can, Congress not only cuts down the appropriations, but sweeps back into the Treasury an amount of money already appropriated, which the Secretary of the Navy asked leave to use